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SUSTAINING

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

EPISODE NO. 126

11:30 to 12:30 P.M.

NOVEMBER 16, 1934

FRIDAY

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER: In and near many of our western National Forests, one finds established mines where men are delving into some of the richest mineral deposits of our nation. Legitimate mining is a permitted activity on certain federal lands. Since early days, prospectors have roamed the western hills, searching for the elusive fortune, and Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers often count any an old-time prospector among their most valued friends and cooperators.

Well, let's see what's going on today up at the Pine Cone Ranger Station. Here's Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant Jerry Quick in the Ranger Station office:



JIM: Stands chilly today, Jerry. Jerry: I reckon, we're
going to have a bit of snow up to snowline.

JERRY: Yeah. Do you think we could get up to George Beekie's
cabin now, Jim?

JIM: Why, I wouldn't be. What for?

JERRY: I was talking to Doc Simpson last night and he's worried
because old George Beekie took out 25%

JIM: Tossle right, Jerry. I hadn't thought much to do with
George usually goes out of the village above the first of
the hills. He's a doyle of about 1500 ft.

JERRY: The snow must be getting deep by now, Jim. Doc
is afraid we might be stuck.

JESS: (COMING UP) What you want, Jim? Jim: Ross sick?

JIM: We were just thinking about old George Beekie. Doc - the
old prospector that we think comes up beyond Yellow Springs.
He usually comes down out of the hills before this.

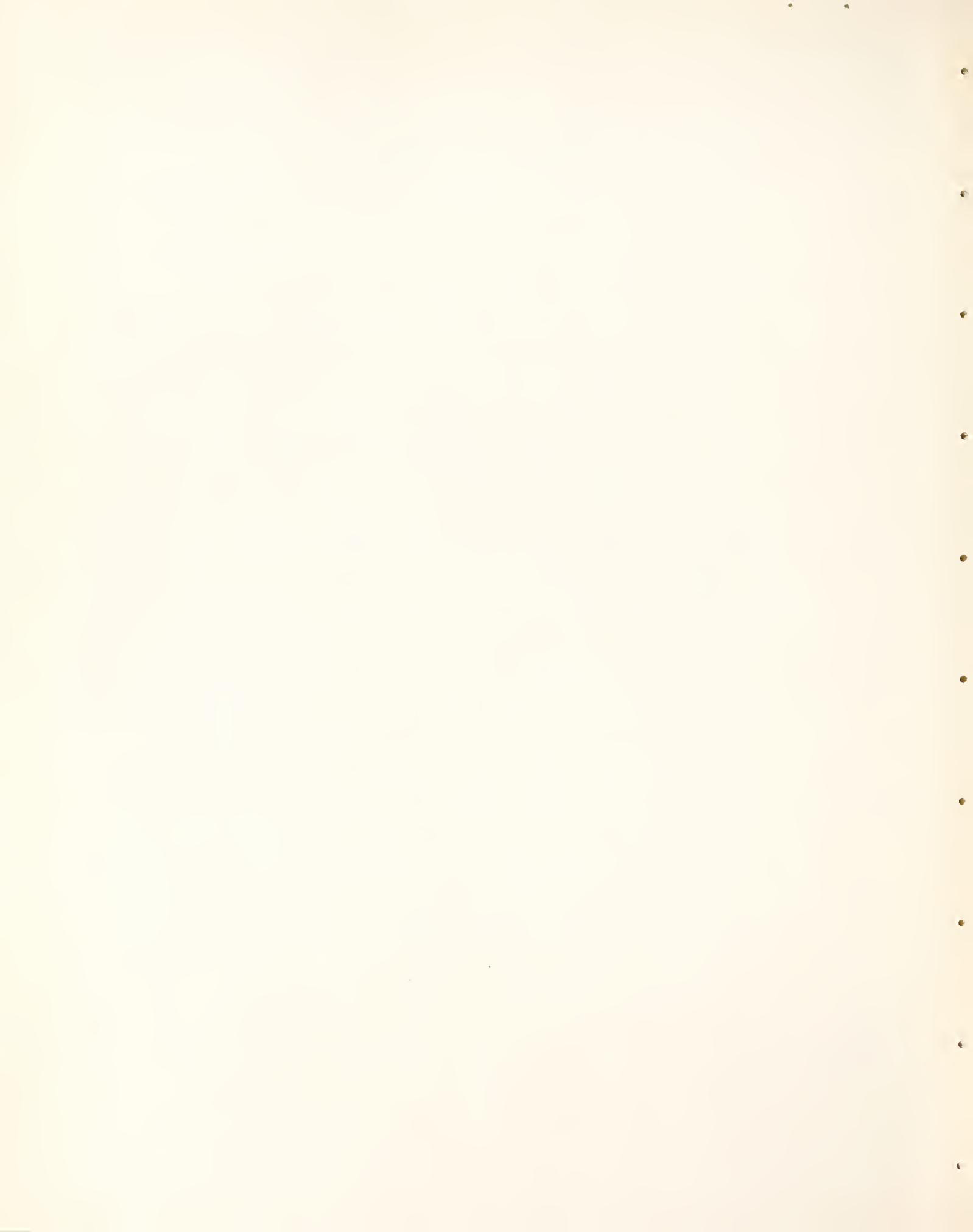
JESS: Oh, I hope he's all right, Jim. The poor man, no more will
try himself.

JIM: Jerry told Doc Simpson we would find him just back from
Doc Simpson's house after getting his car for you.

JESS: You know.

JESS: Yes, I know.

(PHONE RINGS)



JIM: (ANSWERING PHONE) Hello, Robbins cabin -- Oh, hello Doc -- huh? You still worryin' about old George? (CHUCKLES) Why that old pack-rat could come out of the hills in forty feet of snow -- Yeah, of course that would make a difference but he was perky as ever when I stopped by there last month. (CHUCKLES) You doctors are always looking for a fellow to be sick -- Yes, Jerry and I are going up into that country today. I reckon we'd better look him up -- That's okay Doc. Not at all -- Goodbye. (HANGS UP) (TO JERRY AND BESS) That was Doc Simpson. He's really concerned about old George Barlow. I reckon we'd better stop by and see if he's all right.

JERRY: If the snow isn't too deep --

JIM: That'd be all the more reason. He may be all right, but old George is gettin' on in years, and he's pretty far off from the rest of the world, up there.

BESS: Oh, I do hope he's all right.

JIM: Well, we'll have to bent it, son, if we take that ship. It's clear up to timberline.

JERRY: May -- we'd better take the horse-rolls and some chuck and stay at the Wagon Canyon Guard Station tonight.

JIM: That's a good idea, Jerry. You know a pack-horse or three's permit of yours and I'll get out the traps.



JERRY: (GOING OFF) Bye Dolly, Jim.

(SILENT INTERSCENE)

(SOUND OF HORSES WALKING)

JERRY: Gosh, it's a lonesome country up here after the snow is out. You don't see a living thing except Indians.

JIM: Hope.

JERRY: I almost got so I like this when there's nothing else around.

JIM: Uh-huh. It took a day and a half to get through. Indians their horses pretty well. I'm satisfied they're all gone. Whoa. (HORSES STOP) Stand still, Dolly.

JERRY: I would rather let the horses stand a few minutes before we start over to the fort, don't you?

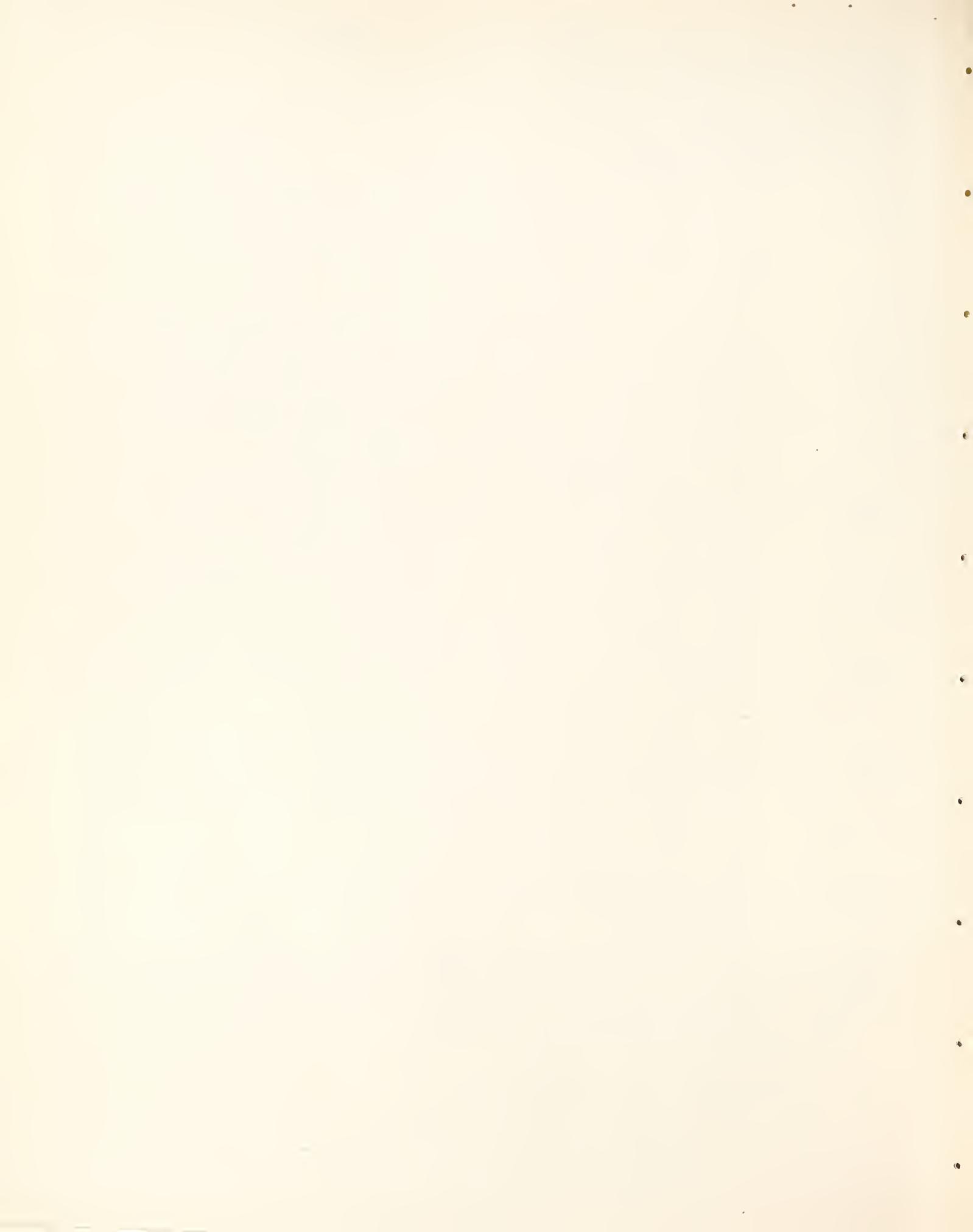
JIM: You might as well. This ought to be a tough trip because that divide. — Thank you, Dolly.

JERRY: It looks like there's a lot of snow on those mountains. I wonder how deep it is.

JIM: Does Look-kings know? — Say, look over there just to the left of that long rock outcrop. See that dark object? — Don't that look like a tent?

JERRY: By George, it's moving — wait — I'll get out my binoculars.

JIM: Yes, I can see plainly like this. Maybe it's old George's cabin back in. I hope so. It'll sure be a relief.



JERRY: (IMPATIENTLY) Hold still, Spark. Come, I can't see a thing the way he moves around.

JIM: Here, let me try it. That boy Dolly -- yeah, it's a man -- but it ain't George -- I'll tell you who it is -- Yes sir, it looks like Cal Dugan. I wonder what he's doing here in this country.

JERRY: Who's Dugan?

JIM: Why he's that old fellow that has a claim up back of Cloud Peak -- Queer old duck -- Let's ride over to meet him.

(CHUCKLES TO HORSE)

JERRY: Get up Spark (SOUND OF HORSES) -- Oh, I remember him. He's the one that all fortune --

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Did he ever tell yours?

JERRY: Yeah -- he was down at Winding Creek one day telling the lumberjacks' fortunes to get a grub-stake --

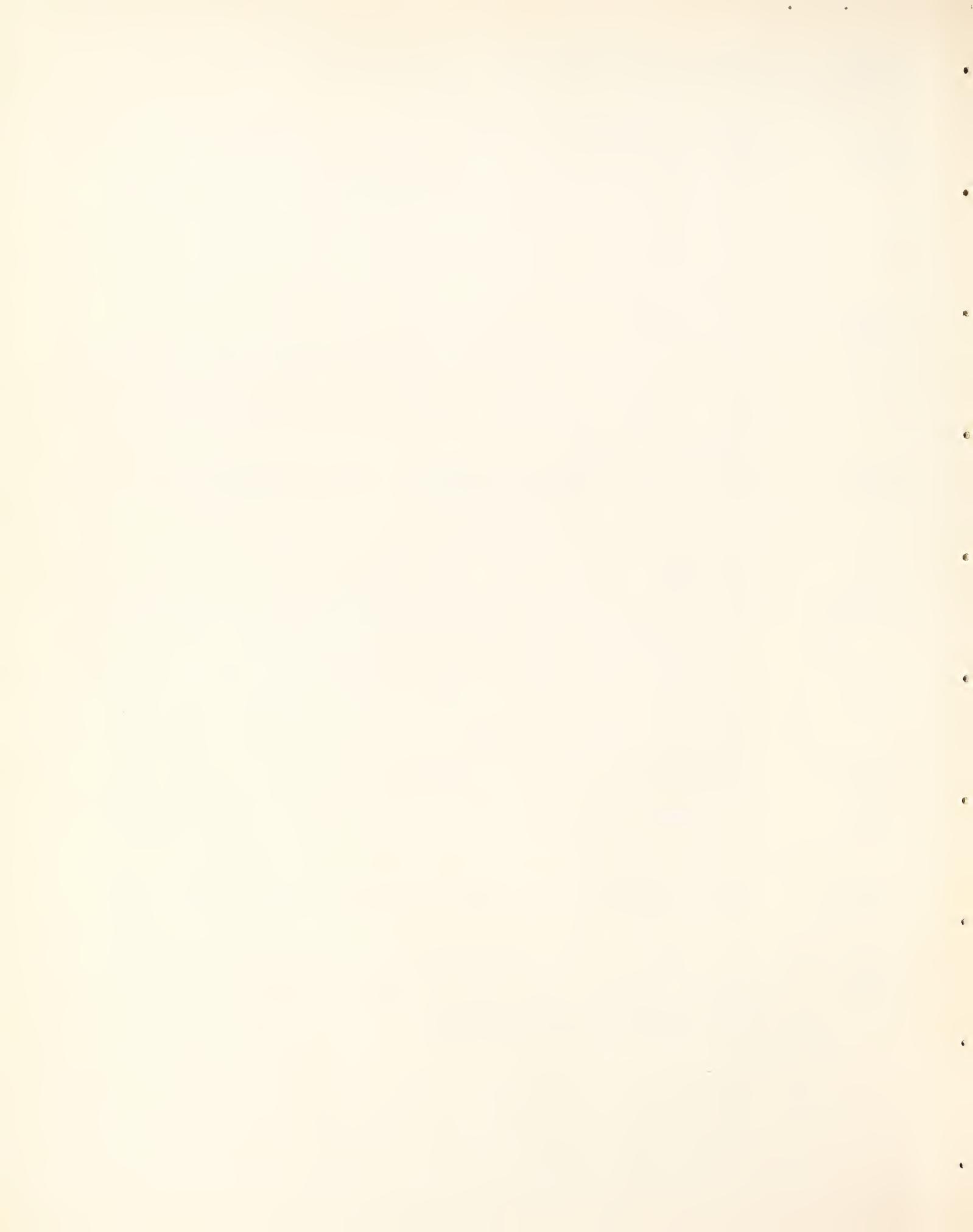
JIM: (CHUCKLES) He told you that you were destined for bigger and better things in life.

JERRY: (SURPRISED) How did you know that?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) He told me that about twenty years ago, when I first met him.

JERRY: (DISGUSTEDLY) Well, I'll be darned. I thought he knew his stuff.

JIM: Maybe he does in your case, Jerry. Maybe you'll show me the ladder a few more rungs.



JERRY: Well, Jim, if I give you much out of life as you do, I'll be satisfied. Look! The old fellow's sayin' he's
Yankee. Just now us, I reckon.

JIM: DUGAN. (OFF) Hi, there, ranger! What's somethin' air you
fellers goin'?

JIM: (CALLS) Howdy, Cal. We were about to start up the hill
to see George Barlow a minute. Whoa, Dolly. (HORSES
STOP) Doc Simpson is kinda worried about George because
he didn't come down at the usual time.

DUGAN: (UP) I just come from there. George is about to cash in
his chips, I'm afraid, Jim.

JERRY: We wondered if he might be sick.

JIM: What's the matter with 'im?

DUGAN: I dunno -- He's awfully bad, Jim. I went over yesterday
and found him down in bed. Reckoned I'd better go for
help this mornin'.

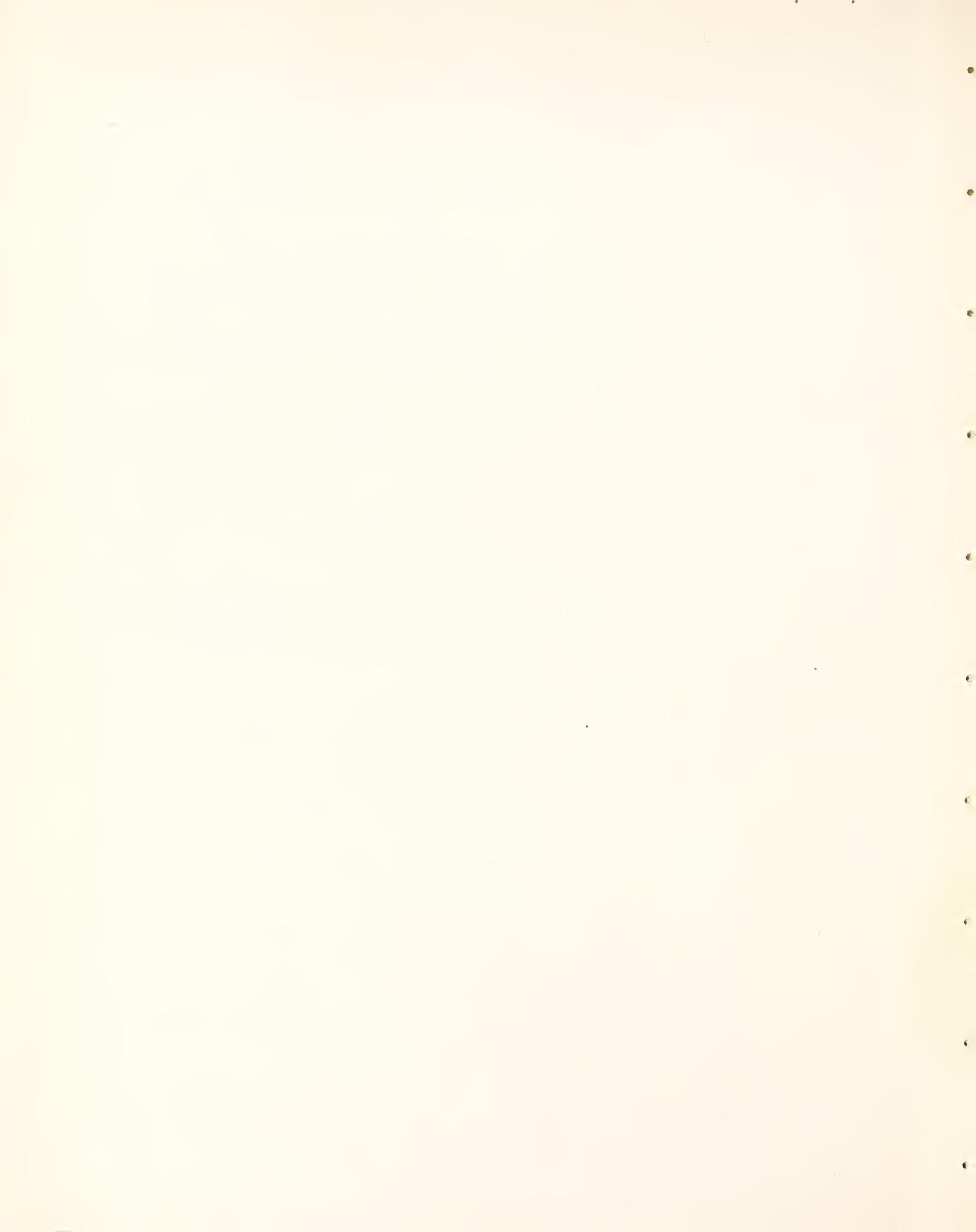
JERRY: I guess I'd better take over that job, Mr. Dugan. I'm
well mounted, so I can make it quick.

DUGAN: I'll be appasin' of it, young feller.

JIM: Let's figure this out a minute. Is the snow crustin' enough
to ride over, Cal?

DUGAN: She's solid plumb to the top, but sorra soft into the hollows.
Well, that'll help some. Jerry, you went it down and poison
Doc Simpson from the CCC camp. He can drive us fast to
Wagon Canyon.

JERRY: Yes. And I can just as well as you can drive him on
up there.



DUKE: That's for starters -- and you can go back out -- we'll take turns at riding.

DUGAN: Sunnies' name is good enough for me, Jim. Never could ride a darned horse.

JERRY: I'll get back with Doc as soon as I can. Jim (MUSICAL) Come on, Steve. (HORSE GALLOP ARAB)

JIM: (LAUGHS) All right, Jerry -- (TO DUGAN) You'd better try horseback riding, Col. That's going to be a hard climb in the snow. You'll take turns riding.

DUGAN: No sirree.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

(SOUND OF HORSE PLODDING IN SNOW)

JIM: How you makin' it, Col?

DUGAN: Sorta gitta my ride in here. (MUSICAL)

JIM: We're about to the top. Grab a half bolt on Dolly. She'll help you along.

DUGAN: Whoo-ho! Whoa, old gal! -- That does sorta help. Jim:

JIM: Well, we're on top, Col. It might be easier going down --

DUGAN: (GRUNTS) Hey -- what's this --

JIM: Whoa, Dolly! Whoa, old girl. (HORSE PLUNGE)

DUGAN: Snow's not soft. The ribbon dropped clean out of my bare hand. Guess I'll have to hoof it on in. Dolly, it looks like I'll have to tie you up to one of those scrub spruces.

JIM: (LAUGHS) You can't tie a horse up to a scrub spruce, Col. You can't even tie a horse up to a scrub spruce.

DUGAN: There's an old tunnel right over yonder. You kin sit over in ther if you kin sit me over ther.

JIM: Yeah, I remember. The old abandoned Lucky Tom tunnel. Come on Dolly. (HORSE LUNGES) You're kinda lucky to have such a good shelter, old girl. (HORSE LUNGING - MEN WHEEZING)

JIM: There you are, old girl. I'm glad I got a feed of bacon in my saddle bags, Cal.

DUGAN: I reckon the mure's sorta flat, too. Snowballs ain't so very fillin'.

JIM: Well, it's only a few steps down to George's cabin, or I'd need more'n snowballs. (PAUSE)

DUGAN: Durn th' snow.

JIM: Same here, Cal. (STAMPS FEET) Well, we're here.

DUGAN: Yeah. Hope George is --

JIM: Hold on, Cal. Listen. He's talkin.

BARLOW: (OFF) I found it, Doc, after all these years - look at it. Doc - pure gold.

JIM: He's clear out of his head. Come on, Cal.

DUGAN: Yeah, he raved like that all last night. (SOUND DOOR OPENS - HINGES SCREECH)

JIM: Hello, old timer. How are you feeling?

BARLOW: (WEAK, SHAKY VOICE) Doc! You've come at last! (WHISPERS) Come here, look, Doc. It's gold.

JIM: (TO DUGAN) Be kinda I'm Doc Simpson, Cal.

DUGAN (LOW VOICE) Jim, didn't we just see the gold in the sand? An old piece of rock you're thinking it's gold one - richen's still fresh. Poor old George has been telling us for twenty years what the next shot would bring up. Not gold. Course he has - and now he thinks he's found it.

JIM Let's stir up the fire and see what we can do. You are still true to the story, Jim, but we won't feel certain 'till we get that tin box out all right.

JIM Well here come water and clean the up a bit, maybe. The iron smells like a soap. Look, George, is that Captain (WALK VOICE) Jim, Jim, Jim. Good grub-state I mean. Panned out. (WALKS) Why, Jim, we're rich - richer than ever.

JIM Sure - sure, old man. Not like them who try to steal.

DUGAN (EXCITED) Jim, for the love of Jim, look underneath - in people box well.

JIM Yeah, I see a box full of gold. George, clean these up and we're.

DUGAN (CONT'D) Jim - Jim, Jim - it's full of gold. (COURT OFF) Curved it. I didn't notice so long at base tunnel. (FOOTSTEPS RUNNING - DOOR)

JIM (CALLS) Come back here you old lunatic.

PABLO (WALKS) Jim - Jim - don't leave us here alone, Jim.



JIM: Take it easy, old fellow. Of course we won't leave you lie down now.

BARLOW: Why - why - it's you, Jim

JIM: Yes, George. I just dropped in to help you get down to town.

BARLOW: (WEAKLY) I dunno Jim. I guess I'm about to the end of the trail.

JIM: (CHEERILY) Oh, strucka. You'll be trakin' up the old trail a long time yet, George.

BARLOW: No, Jim. It's the end of the trail - I reckon -

JIM: Doc Simpson will soon be here and he'll fix you up as good as new.

BARLOW: It's too late, Jim -- Good old Doc. He's been a loyal old pal, Jim.

JIM: He thinks a lot of you, George.

BARLOW: I know - he grub-staked me a long time ago. (WHISPERS) Look here, Jim - I've found this for him. -- Gold -- solid gold --

JIM: By gum, it does look like gold ore.

BARLOW: It is gold. Richest vein I ever seen.

JIM: Why, George, if you're right, you'll be sitting on top of the world.

BARLOW: Higher than that - I hope (LAUGHS)

JIM: Better lie down, George.



BARLOW: (WEAKLY) Always tried - to lie the - same straight - Jim - never had - much religion - but maybe - I ~~lie~~ ^{was} by - somehow.

JIM: (CHEERILY) Why, of course you will when your time comes George - but that's a long ways off yet. Now lie down and rest, old man.

BARLOW: No, Jim - I'll have - a long time - to rest - (GASPS) Open the window - will you - please?

JIM: Sure, George. (WINDOW RASPS OPEN)

BARLOW: I want to see - the sun setting - on the peaks - once more - it looks - just like - this gold - doesn't it, Jim?

JIM: Yes sir, that sun on the snow-caps looks like gold, George. It's a beautiful sight.

BARLOW: It's beautiful - beyond words (GASPS)

JIM: Can you see those rosy clouds back of Castle Peak, George?

BARLOW: That's been - my inspiration - for years - Jim - When I got - discouraged - all I had to do - was to look up - across that mountain - and (GASPS - STRANGLES)

JIM: I understand, George. Here, drink this and you'll feel better. Lie down now.

BARLOW: No Jim - I'm gaining - courage - to go on - again.

JIM: (CHEERILY) Why sure, George. You'll just have to live now that you've made this rich strike.

(comes of door)

DURAN (footing off) Good day —

JIM () Hello, Del, what's the matter?

DURAN I reckon I might might work two more, Jim. But I come by an audience without. I might as well understand that not to be the case. Jim — That's the reason I don't

JIM Well, I'm sorry but off I'm afraid Del. Look, the audience just a walking on just goes to the Devil. Del

DURAN By George, it would be took like a Raymond to make Jim

GARRET (laughing) Like hell. Real hell. What's that? (laughs)

JIM () Well, I'm sorry now — I'm afraid I do

JIM () Sorry, Del, George.

SERIALS You've always been a good friend — Jim.

JIM The last few as far, George.

SERIALS Well, Del, — (smiling) (smiling) Well, Jim — so I am —

JIM Sorry, George — (pauses) He's gone, Del — He's gone with the last glow of the setting sun, leaving the earth in his hand, into the gold he watched for so long — Yes, old man, I'll tell you — you may be free of our bourgeoisie and you're happy you will be merciful to your soul.

(PAUSES)

ANNOUNCER: And so the old prospector finds gold at last - Next Friday at this time, Uncle Ben's Forest Rangers will be with us again. This program is presented by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

fb/9:15 A.M.
Nov. 7, 1934

